

VOL. XI

THE GOAT

"A"

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"B"



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.
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JANUARY, 1934

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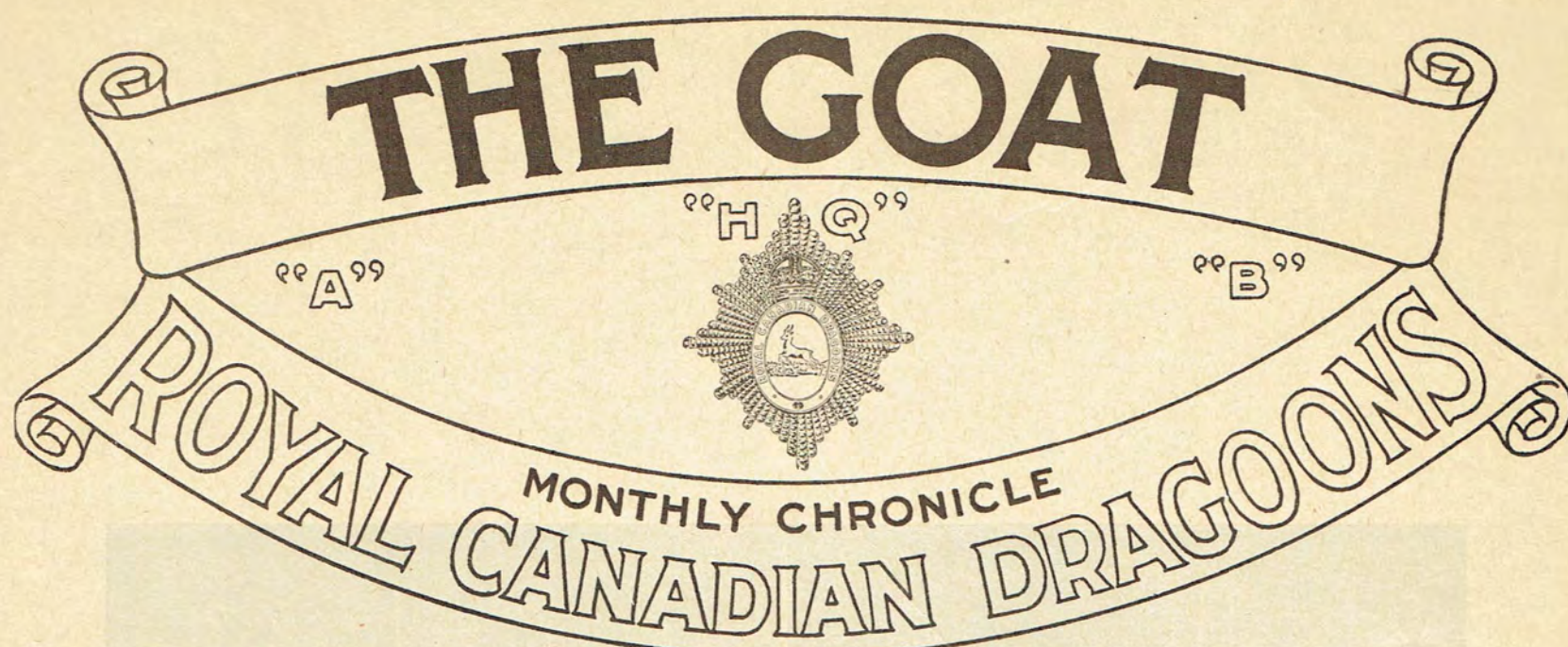
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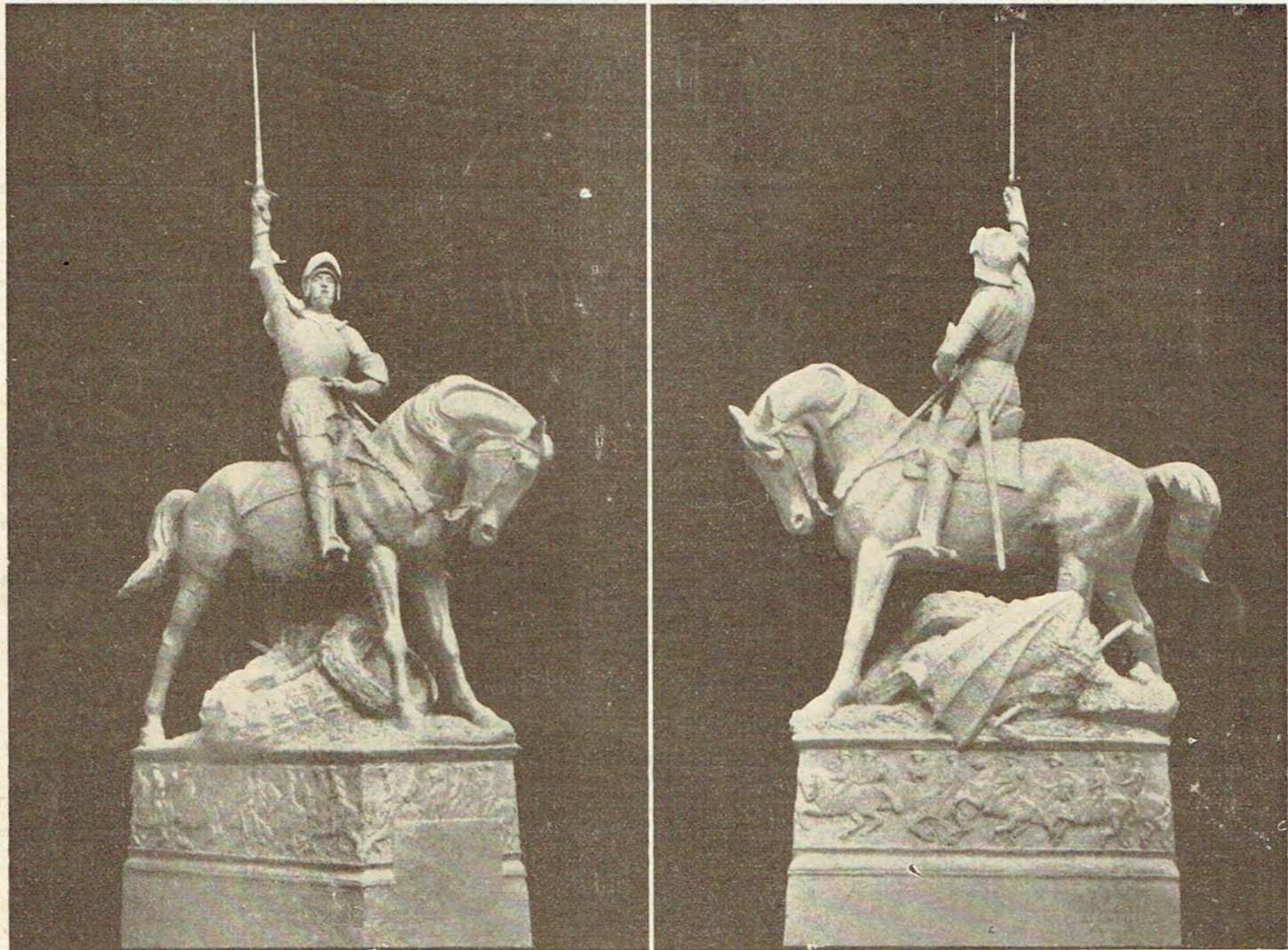
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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

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Cavalry War Memorial.

EDITORIAL



At this season of the year one usually makes a firm resolution to do those things we ought to do, or to abstain from doing those things we ought not to do. While thanking all our readers for the loyal support accorded us in the past we take this opportunity to request all past and present members of the Regiment to number among their resolutions, one in which they promise to take a more lively interest in The Goat during the coming year.

Outlining the aim and object of our existence in our initial number we stated that we wished to cement friendships established during the war by keeping all past and present members in contact. Have we succeeded in doing this? to a certain extent we have but, we can accomplish still more.

We would ask all Old Comrades

to send us news about themselves or of any of their and our friends. To them it may be perhaps stale but to use it is always new and very interesting, recalling as it invariably does pleasant memories of by gone days. Present members of the Regiment can help by sending in more copy than they have been in the habit of doing hitherto.

We want our paper to be the work of the Regiment, for the Regiment and not the result of individual effort. We want every number of our paper to be eagerly looked forward to, to be read avidly and laid down with the regret one experiences after reading something really worth while. And this is not an impossible ambition. We can accomplish this quite easily but only with the hearty co-operation of all past and present members of the Regiment and their friends.

Personal & Regimental

On New Years day Major Hodson, R.C.R. and Capt. Wood, R.C.D. representing the garrison visited the Messes of the various units in Montreal. They report a day well spent renewing old acquaintances and making many new ones.

On Friday January 12th the officers held their annual party in the Mess. About one hundred and fifty guests attended, among whom were noticed officers from Headquarters M.D. No. 4 and every unit in the district, and former officers of the Regiment and of the R.C.R. The members of the garrison who were present were Lt. Col. E. L. Caldwell, R.C.D., and Mrs. Caldwell, Major Hodson, R.C.R., Major Drury, R.C.D., Maj. Tessier, R.C.A.M.C. and Mrs. Tessier, Capt. Wood, R.C.D., and Mrs. Wood, Lts. Buell, R.C.R., Larocque, R.C.D., Stephen, R.C.A.M.C., Pope, R.C.R. and Berwick, R.C.D.

The following message has been received by the C.O. from Maire Lucien Lecointe, of Amiens, France.

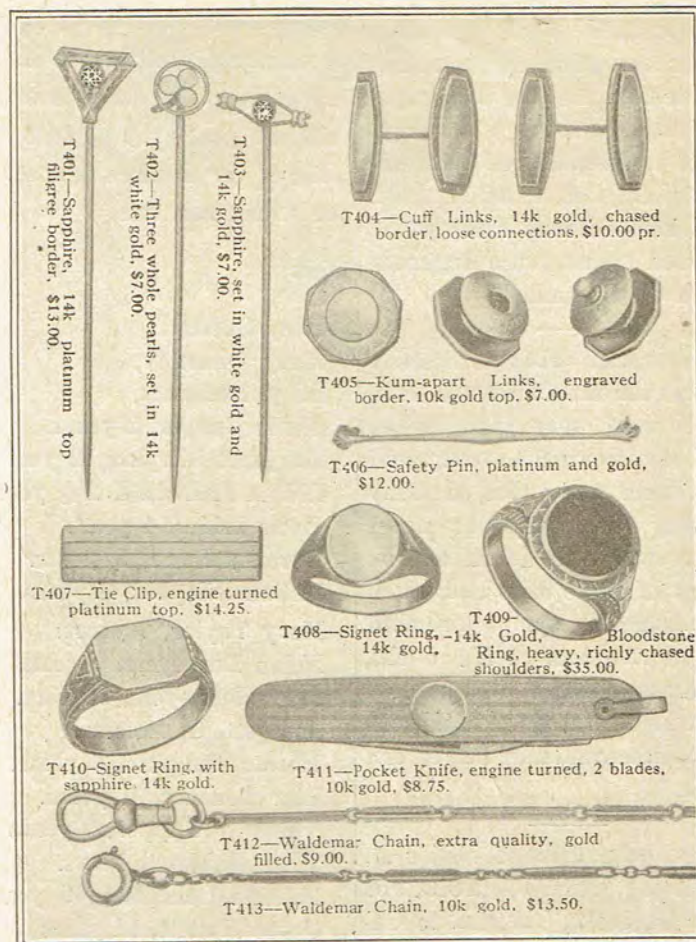
"Avec les meilleurs vœux et souhaits pour 1934. N'oublie pas la part prise dans la guerre mondiale par le Canada et l'héroïsme de ses enfants venus au secours de la France qu'eux non plus n'avait pas oublié."

During the month we were very pleased to hear from Major-General V. A. S. Williams of Toronto. He is in the best of health and sends best wishes to all ranks for the coming year.

Lt. J. H. Larocque, 'A' Sqd. R. CD. St. Johns. has proceeded to London, Ont., where he is taking a course of instruction on the Cardon Lloyd.

Major Drury, Capt. Wood, and Lt. Berwick, visited Farrier Quar-

GIFTS FOR MEN



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ter-Master Sergeant Hill at the Montreal General Hospital a few days ago. They report that he is doing well and is very cheery. We'll why shouldn't he be the way he is being looked after? Every where one looks there seems to be a pretty nurse. Capt. Wood was heard to remark that he would extremely enjoy a short sojourn in such an atmosphere.

It is rumoured that F.Q.M.S. Hill has sold more "tickets" than ever before in his career as such a salesman. We look forward to seeing him back with us in the very near future.

We offer our congratulations to Sq. Q.M.S. Simpson and Sgt. H. Staig on receiving the Canadian Medal for long service and good conduct.

We are very sorry to note that in the last issue of "The Goat" in the account of the Royal Horse Show Toronto, we neglected to number among the winners Lt. Ardagh on "River" fourth in the International Military Touch-and-Out stake.

This Officer was the first contestant to ride his horse to the last fence in that difficult class, and was only beaten by this narrow margin.

It is proposed to hold the Old Comrades re-union probably on February 3rd, and the Officers Mess dinner either on the 14th or 21st of April.

We acknowledge with thanks the 13th/18th Hussars Journal and the Canadian Veteran.



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ST. JOHNS NOTES

A gathering of all ranks from 'A' Squadron Royal Canadian Dragoons assembled in the mess December 21st for the purpose of drinking a toast to the Regiment on occasion of its 50th Anniversary. Lt. Col. E. L. Caldwell gave a short address, after which he proposed a toast to the Regiment to which all responded.

On our recent visit to Stanley Barracks over the Christmas holidays, we were very glad to see every body looking so well and fit, but were sorry that so many were away on leave, but never mind, we will pull a fast one on them one of these days and catch them at home. We sympathize with Albert on the loss of his ducks, still maintain that it was a dirty trick Albert, but just wait till next Christmas and may be you can get even.

We welcome Trumpet-Major A. E. Galloway, R.H.Q., R.C.D., of Stanley Barracks, Toronto, to Cavalry Barracks St. Johns, where he is taking our local trumpeters along with some beginners on a four week trumpeters' course.

Hearty congratulations are offered by the 'Goat' to S.M.I. J. Labelle on his recent promotion.

We are all very sorry to lose one of our old comrades Tpr. Dan Thatcher who has left the service to go on furlough pending discharge. Tpr. Thatcher who has seen a good many years service in the Royal Canadian Dragoons transferred from B' Sqn. Toronto, in 1928 to Cavalry Barracks. We all wish him the best of luck and good health wherever his travels may take him.

Sergeant-Major: "Come on, snap to it, Left right-left right. Damn that real rank it's always behind."

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The Annual Christmas tree was held at Cavalry Barracks St. Johns on December 21st. Santa Claus was as usual right on the job distributing gifts to the large number of children present. The following is a list of the children who attended the Christmas tree.

Girls

Baby Sheehy,
Baby Quartley,
Baby Desfosses,
Marie Caillyer, 2 years.
Margaret Simpkin, 2 years.
Lillian McDonald 2½ years.
Irene Hider, 4 years.
Dorothy Rowe, 5 years.
Lillian Simpkin, 6 years.
Mary Taylor, 7 years.
Helen Desnoyers, 7 years.
Ruth Desnoyers, 8 years.
Georgette Cousineau, 8 years.
Norma Simpkin, 8 years.
Ella Boucher, 9 years.
Velva Tupper, 9 years.
Elsie Baker, 9 years.
Pauline Cousineau, 9 years.
Grace Hallett, 11 years.
Joyce Stanton, 11 years.
Elain Cousineau, 11 years.
Hazel Aisthorpe, 11 years.
Violet Reid, 12 years.
Irene Baker, 13 years.

Boys

Baby Wheeler.
Baby Caillyer.
Baby Randall,
Thomas Wheeler, 1½ years.
Fred Carter, 2½ years.
Arthur Omelusk, 3 years.
Real Caillyer, 3 years.
James Omelusk, 4 years.
Robert Ross, 4 years.
Eddie Taylor, 5 years.
Peter Jewkes, 5 years.
Sydney Carter, 5 years.
Robert Cousineau, 6 years.
Byng Aisthorpe, 7 years.
Ross Forgrave, 6 years.
Grant Tupper, 10 years.
Dick Hill, 11 years.
Henry Baker, 12 years.
Donald Stanton, 14 years.

Another of our younger soldiers, Tpr. R. Wiechold is also leaving us. Tpr. Wiechold, who has made many friends during his service in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, has signed on with the city mounted police in Montreal. We all wish him the best of luck and success in his new career.

Sergeants' Mess Notes

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Another year has passed away, and during that time a lot of water has run under the Richelieu bridge, although it is not running much at present.

Our mess has been able to enjoy themselves more lately, than it has done in the past. The fifteenth of last month saw the second dance welcomed in, and it was as great a success as the previous one.

We welcome Mr. J. Labelle of St. Johns, who became an honorary member of the mess last month.

On Dec. 21st the Mess held their Annual Christmas dinner which was ably conducted by S.S.M.I. J. Manning during the absence in hospital of our dining Mess Sec. Sgt. Bobby Blake.

Fortunately "Bobby" was able to attend the dinner and we were all very pleased to see him. He returned to hospital after the dinner in much better "spirit" than he was when he left.

The dinner was an excellent affair and great credit is due to our culinary expert "Smoky Dawkes" whose cooking was regarded by every one as "tres bien."

Every one autographed each others menu card during the evening and having mine before me while writing I will print the names of those present.

Eddie Boucher, R.C.D.
Bill Jewkes, R.C.D.
Roy Hider, R.C.D.
Joe Lacerte, R.C.D.
Tommy Sheehy, R.C.D.
"Pickle" Aisthorpe, R.C.D.
Bobby Blake, R.C.D.
Jimmy Hallett, R.C.D.
Joe Manning, R.C.D.
Frank Harding, R.C.D.
Sid Raynor, R.C.R.

This date was also the 50th anniversary of the Regiment and so our dinner was very appropriate. Everybody had a few words to say, "Jimmy" spoke very well on the "Anniversary" and our old friend "Pickle" spoke a few??? words about India, his favourite subject.

Our "At Home" was held on New Years day as usual from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m (Mr. Editor, for heaven's stake don't get those Ack Emmas and Pip Emmas reversed) Our old timer Tom Pugh was in attendance for the 43rd At Home at the Mess. Good for you Tom, here's hoping to see you for another 43.

A delegation from the Canadian Legion visited us headed by Mr. L. Gage. We in return paid the Legion a visit and at 4 p.m. two forces combined and visited the Officers' Mess.

Altogether the New Year was vouched a huge success by all members of the Mess "And How" says Freddie.

Jimmy Hallett has relinquished the reigns of president and handed them to "Nobby" for the next quarter. Good luck "Nobby" we are all behind you.

We are sorry that Charlie Hill "The Old Timer" is still on the sick list, here's hoping that he is back on the job again by the time this appears in print.

And here's the Mess reporter wishing you all the compliments of the season and signing off until the next issue.

All have no doubt heard that old saying "The North wind doth blow and we shall have snow", Well sizing up the winter so far at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, we can safely say that nothing more truthful was ever spoken. Who ever made that remark certainly knew his winters. The North wind has b'own (and then some) and we have snow to last another two winters regardless of whether we get any more or not. The temperature hit zero so hard that it went right through it, and according to a couple of our "believe it or not fans" they claim that one night they actually heard it hit bottom where ever that is. We can take it and apart from a few nipped ears and frost bitten noses it looks as if we can take a lot more. BUT nevertheless ROLL-ON-SPRING!

TROOP HOCKEY CAVALRY BARRACKS

Two very amusing and interesting games of hockey were played at Cavalry Barracks on Wednesday afternoon January 24th. We are certainly surprised at the skaters that we have in the garrison.

The first game played was between the 2nd Troop, R.C.D. and the R.C.R. who in spite of their inexperienced players certainly played well. We noticed Lt. Pope playing goal for the R.C.R. and judging by the pipe sticking out of the R.C.D. goal and a very familiar brand of tobacco, we came to the conclusion that Tpr. Staples was holding the fort at that end, which he did in a very creditable manner.

The game was good but somehow the R.C.R. were not in shape to handle it. No doubt with more practice and training they will be able to clean up on everything. Under the careful handling of 'Vic' Jewkes (Captain) 2nd troop made a very good showing finishing the game with a score of 6-1 in favour of 2nd Troop.

The second game played between 1st and 3rd troops was very much faster and much more even. After having got "Zwicker the Swot" in goal for the 1st Troop and Trooper Morrill in goal for 3rd troop the game was on, and considering that most of them were novices they certainly knew their hockey. Our "Blonde Marshall" well known in football circles is learning fast, in fact he scored a goal for 1st troop. It took us some time just to figure where "Jimmy Dunk" was playing. We heard his name often enough but we just could not spot him, however, we found him eventually picking himself up and going after the man who had "done him wrong." And so the game went on in spite of hard knocks, falls, and cracks over the shins with hockey sticks, ending up with a score of 3-1 in favour of 1st troop.

J. L. PINSONNEAULT,
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After Christmas Memories of a Returned Soldier.

The Christmas Festivals in Several Lands

By Captain L. M. Murphy

With the courtesy of "The
Veteran"

Scotland

How quickly the time flies. It only seems yesterday when one was awakened in a chilly room at Wellington Square in the "ald-toon of Ayr," and reminded by a cheery crowd of happy subalterns that this was Christmas morn—1915. "Where is now that merry party, we remember long ago"—where are now forms of Stan Robertson, Kevin Keegan, Billy Grant, Eric Ayres, Stan James, John Edens and Ralph Burnham—scattered throughout various sections of the World; some under the folds of the Stars and Stripes others in the land of the Maple Leaf, and more, alas! in the valley of the silent.

France

The pale gray dawn filtered in through the windows of a tiny little cottage at Camps-en-Amien on Christmas morning, 1916. You crossed the courtyard and out to the paved popular lined road which led past the church and the duck pond to Headquarters Mess. The men had already gathered around the cookers, where extensive preparations were being made for the first Christmas to be spent out of the trenches by the Newfoundland Battalion. Good cheer there was; a happy smile everywhere, and bottles of beer, surreptitiously taken from a nearby Estaminet produced on the slightest provocation. Orderlies rushed back and forth bearing mysterious looking parcels, while Esau Penney, Paddy MacDonald and Hebe Wheeler wore sphinx-like faces as they dived into the extra rations which had been secured for the day. Plum pudding was provided, with a plentitude of food, which was really enjoyed, and all ranks ate to satiety. In the afternoon some

rested—others digested "The Daily Mail" and re-read their messages from home; many wrote letters.

The evening was given over to a General Dinner for the Officers at Headquarters Mess. Faithfully diligently and thoroughly had Parker James L. Day and William McGillvary performed their duties. There was a warm reception, and all the difficulties of an O.C. conference or the occasional "strafe" of the Company Commander faded away into the past with the warm welcome you received as you ascended the steps leading to the Chateau. 'Padre' Nangle had made several journeys into Amiens with distinct success, for the menu provided included all sorts of course from 'Oysters on the half shell' to 'sardines on toast.' liquers there were aplenty, and willing orderlies kept the glasses filled as the meal proceeded. Adjutant Raley appeared in an entirely different light. He was positively "off parade", and kept a portable gram-o-phone going to the huge delight of the Officers who were shortly going on leave, for they enjoyed their—"A Night in Bohemia," "The Bing Boys," "Chu Chin Chow," and by special request, "Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm." The latter record was in special demand, and the gentle hint was always taken most intelligently by the Mess Committee. Lt.-Col. Forbes-Robertson, presided and having honoured the toast of "The King" which was struck with great solemnity. 'Padre' Nangle named the writer as the sponsor of "Newfoundland." Ah me, what a flood of memories came over one at that moment—the rock bound shores of our Island home seemed very far away! Then a silent toast, and the journey back to our billets. Overhead the moon shone out clear and bright; the stars twinkled in the Christmas sky; the pave roads were kissed with the pale blue light, but as we walked along to our little cottage by the side of the duck pond we thought that the self same moon was looking on the trenches on the Western Front, where other divisions were then in occupancy, holding the line to which we would move so soon, oh; so very soon.

England

"Thermometer time, please. Happy Christmas." The voice of the nurse aroused you on Christmas morning, 1917. You awakened from dreams of home, and looked around the ward at Wandsworth, the Third London General Hospital! Of course there had been preparations for some days, so you were not surprised at the array of bunting and decorations. In fact, you had not forgotten the event yourself, for far above your cot there flew a large rosette of claret and white ribbon, placed in that commanding position by the tallest Australian Officer in the Ward, who used a step ladder; and proudly, as if they were sending a message of cheer and hope to the wounded Lieutenant who gazed up at them and who would enjoyed his Christmas Dinner in bed this year. The usual formalities being gone through, you passed along your greetings to the other gentlemen of the ward, when suddenly a large white object, tied to the head of your cot, attracted your attention. It was a mammoth stocking (rather a grim reminder, however, of some of the apparel you don in the even of your departure for the operating theatre) and the contents were most interesting. They had been selected with thought and judgment, and this first bright action of the remainder of the festival. The morning was given over to visits from the various sisters and Nurses who came in to exchange greetings to admire the decorations, and congratulate the Sister-in-Charge accordingly. Lunch was served at noon, followed by a charming musical programme, as a piano had been hired for the occasion, and occupied a prominent position in the ward. At 4.30 preparations were made for Dinner; a large table had been laid in the centre for the patients who could sit there, while the customary trays were set for the lie-a-beds. It was a splendid meal, and, in fact, the best indication of the sincere friendship existing between the patients and nurses of our ward was shown by the fact that all the patients who had leave to go out of Hospital for Dinner, remained in, and all the nurses, who were off duty, stayed on to assist in making the affair pleasant and congenial for the Colonials who

were "happy, though wounded." The evening passed all too quickly; we were quite weary from the excitement of the day; the red curtains were soon drawn, the night light was burning on the centre table—there were little sighs of contentment here and there from the beds along the wall; just a whispered prayer, and the South-side Hills of St. Johns' Harbour did not seem so very far away after all.

Germany

The tiny, mechanical notes of "Daisy, Daisy, Give me your answer do," broke the stillness of Christmas morning, 1918, in the town of Hilden, near Dusseldorf, as a bunch of Newfoundlanders marched through the quiet streets to the strains of a music box. Jim Miffen was the Director of "der little German Band," and he had a number of followers. It was the first time for many years that the people of Hilden had been serenaded, and although the regulation made them lock their doors and shutter their windows at 9 p.m., we felt, instinctly, that at

many a loophole an eye looked out upon the invaders who were ushering in the Christmas Festival in such a joyous fashion. A fanfare of trumpets, under the direction of Eric Crafe, greeted our halt at of the Church on Wilhemstrasse, the statue of the Kaiser in front near the "Rathaus," were 'B' Company was billeted. Here we made obeisance, as should victors before vanquished, but we could not leave so unceremoniously, for it was forthwith decided to decorated the statue in commemoration of our esteem. It was surprising the rapidity with which suitable uniform was produced; a steel helmet, penetrated by two bullet holes; a gas mask, a Great coat, and a large cardboard Iron Cross, and then we moved along. Dinner was served the men in their quarters; tables having been laid out, and a substantial meal provided. The Colonel F. G. Mathias, D.S.O. accompanied by the Officers, visited all Companies and briefly addressed the men, wishing them the Compliments of the Season. Our Dinner was called for 7 p.m. in a large cafe, as I was leaving my billet (Lieut. W. Clouston and I were staying with Dr. Pfennig, Director of the Democratic Party of Hilden and Dusseldorf) the Doctor called me. He spoke English perfectly. "Herr Kapitan", he said pushing open his drawing room door, "look!" Quite a picture presented itself. Around a beautiful Christmas tree, frosted with silver decorations, and attractively festooned midst a blaze of light and colour, the children were dancing, hand in hand, singing "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum." There, after all that conflict, the warfare, the bloodshed, through which we had passed was this tableau of peace and happiness yet their home was in the hands of former enemy. "Thank God," the German said, simply, "they do not know there is a War!"

It is my most vivid recollection of any war time Christmas!

These are but a few recollections of one ex-service man. How many others may be recorded. Gallipoli, Suez, Nairn, Fort George—all dim pictures of a memorable past. For some of us this year the joy bells will ring out sweet and clear; the moon will be overhead bathing this section of the world in

its pale blue light; the night; the stars will glisten brightly; they will also shine like jewels in the sky over the land where sleep so many of our gallant comrades, who gave their all that we might spend a Christmas in peace by our own fireside.

"Mary."

The Story of a Horse

The Courtesy of the Legionary

Twenty-two years old and a war-veteran, twice wounded and possessing a record of more than four years of active service. That is Mary. Ann Mary, a round barrelled dark bay mare, now living in honoured retirement, the pensioner of her owner, Colonel Lorne T. McLaughlin, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., on a farm just outside Bowmanville.

Foaled in 1911, Mary was just four years old when she enlisted in the First Canadian Contingent in the 2nd Battalion. From the start the stars shone on her, for she became the charger of the Commanding Officer, the late Sir David Watson, K.C.B. Later she continued to perform that duty with Lt.-Col. (now Brig. General) A. E. Swift, C.M.G., D.S.O. but for a brief space in 1916 she was supplanted by a mincing upstart from the western plains, named Minnie who was the favoured one of Lt.-Col. W. M. Yates.

Mary's glories were almost completely eclipsed when the late Brigadier General R. P. Clark, C.M.G., D.S.O. brought a chestnut hunter to the battalion as his first mount, on his becoming Commanding Officer.

But with his departure Mary again came into her own, and for nearly two years reigned supreme among the equine members of the unit as Colonel McLaughlin's first horse.

Unusually intelligent, gentle, courageous, and fleet, Mary was by all counts the favorite steed in the transport lines. She was twice wounded, but always carried on, and now in the twilight of her life, Mary lives a peaceful existence far removed from the gunfire which held for her no terrors. She is far from the airy music of the brass band which she greatly loved and behind which no horse stepped with better gait or held high its head with greater pride.

ORIGIN OF "GONE WEST"

Canadian Veteran

During the Great War the word "dead" seldom was heard among English speaking troops. A deceased comrade had "gone west" in army language. A correspondent offers the following interesting suggestion as to the origin of the expression.

The Egyptians of the pre-dynastic age (4500-3400 B.C.), currently believed in the "Realm of Anubis the abode of the dead, thought to be somewhere in the west. Just as the sun each day rises to new life in the east and dies at night in the west so the realm of the human dead is in the west. Later this belief fused itself with the solar cult of Re and the Osirian nature cult, and the home of the dead came in popular thought to be the happy home of light in the west.

This belief that the dead had "gone West" was not confined alone to Egyptians and a parallel is found in Indian religions. After the death of Guatama Buddah (circa 480 B.C.) his teachings concerning Nirvana, by which he probably meant, the end of the round of existence through absorption into the infinite, was popularized in common thought. For Nirvana was substituted for what is known as Paradise of the "West" the happy abode of the dead. Even this was not new, however, it was harking back to the Vedic belief of an earlier day (2000 B.C.) Some even trace the "Western Paradise" of Indian belief back to the prehistoric Aryan civilization that centered around the Caspian sea prior to 2500 B.C.

It is probable then that 'Gone West' far from being a modern term was current amongst the earliest as a description of the death. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

In a section of trench near Lens the Canadians having captured some twenty five half starved Pomerians in a night raid, sent them back the following day with a polite note—

"Dear Fritz, herewith we return prisoners. In the circumstances they are hardly worth keeping. We would remind you that they usually bring their rations with them, would you kindly put right this oversight."

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Toronto Notes.

Major-General, V.A.S. Williams, C.M.G., the Colonel of the Regiment, lunched in Mess on New Year's day. He visited the Sergeants' Mess before lunch.

The Officers received from 4 to 6 in the afternoon when hundred ex-officers, serving officers and other friends of the regiment called, including Brigadier T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., and Colonel Claude Hill, D.S.O.

We heartily congratulate Mayor W. J. Stewart on being again re-elected Mayor of Toronto by a very large majority. This proves that Toronto knows an honest, hard-working and conscientious man, whom they know is out to do good for the city and its citizens.

The C.O. received a newsy letter and Christmas card from D. L. Summers, who left the Regiment 10 years ago. He is doing well in Brockville, Ont., and his address is box 32. He says he often wishes that he were back in the Cavalry.

The annual general meeting of the O.C.A. is at 8 p.m. on January the 27th in the University Ave. Armouries.

Tpr. Jock Henderson, of Toronto, paid us a visit to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns during December. It was nice to see Jock again and we are glad to see him looking so fit.

Tpr. W. C. Hare, is in hospital, the result of an unfortunate accident which occurred when he was driving to his home in Long Branch, during the spell of bad weather. We expect to see him about before long and wish him a speedy recovery.

S.Q.M.S. H. Simpson, is a patient in Christie Street hospital, we extend to him best wishes for a quick return.

The Stanley Barracks Hockey League is well under way. The inter-Regiment games provide plenty of excitement, and we hope to be able to show our neighbors in St. Johns a thing or two when they come up for the Annual Game.

We were glad to see S.S.M.I. J. Manning in Barracks for a few

days during the festive season.

Col. Rhoades, D.S.O., M.C., paid a visit to the Men's Mess during the dinner hour on Christmas Day and said a few words to the boys.

The officers received from four to six in the afternoon when several hundred ex-officers, serving officers and other friends of the Regiment called, including Brigadier T. V. Anderson, D.S.O. and Colonel Claude Hill, D.S.O.

Visitors to Stanley Barracks during the month were: H. G. Munro, and our assistant editor J. Sanders. Both of these men are ex-'B' Squadron men, and we hope they liked their return to the old homestead.

There were many activities in Barracks during the Festive Season and many visitors resulted.

"Bubbles" is looking very fit, appeared to be enjoying himself when we saw him.

Congratulations to Q.M.S.I., J. King on his recent promotion.

It took the combined efforts, of the Life Saving Department, The Toronto Police Department, and the Humane Society to rescue a small black dog who wandered out to the breakwater just opposite the Officer's Mess, and couldn't get back. Of course there was a crowd of "Drags" on hand to proffer advice, and were all glad when the little fellow was brought safely to shore.

Random Remarks.

We had a spot of cold weather just before New Years day, and several of our old stalwarts had to forgo their morning dip in the lake. "Jock" and "Cy", those two horse doctors said that they could not even break the ice on the lake so they went skating instead.

The cold snap, brought out the old "Caps Yukon" for the first time this winter, and we overheard one brave tell another, as the moths flew out of his Cap, "Yukon" wear yours if you like but I'm staying with the old "Caps Comforter."

"Cy", who like the wandering Jew, has no home, is at present living somewhere near the wagon

shed. His late home, which was the Pharmacy was recently "taken for a ride." through the Midway, and although this operation took over a week, "Cy" faithfully followed it around, and locked the doors every night.

"Der Toid Troop" are being initiated into Spriny Training again, it doesn't seem like a year since they were last at it and all eyes are turned toward Albert. No doubt most of you are familiar with the old Third Troop Slogan, "As Goes Our Ab, so Goes the Third Troop," and we anxiously awaiting the time when he produces and demonstrates his latest amendment.

We are still waiting for that epoch making picture, which was promised us so long ago; we refer to the one called "Phil, leading in the Winner" What about it Phil?

We have a new celebrity this month, which is quite in keeping with the new year spirit. We take pleasure in introducing to our readers the one and only "Ernie" (Not to be confused with Egbert) In making his public debut Ernie steps well forward, with the weight of the body balanced over the hips, and says, "Quote." If you ever rever revolutions I would refer you to references referring to a reverend revolutionist." Ernie is quite playful for a first appearance.

Albert G. of First Troop, has invented a new cribbage board with only one side, and two pegs. We presume that this is on account of the fact that he rarely makes any scores now that he is among the Professional players of No. 10 room. Mickey, often tries to borrow it, to take over to the canteen as he claims he is just as much qualified to demonstrate its peculiar propensities. (This is on a Monday.)

Christmas Day.

We made a special visit into Barracks on Christmas Day, for the annual Dinner, as we were on leave at the time, and this event is one that should be attended by every one possible. It was a real winter day, and quite cold, as we made our way up the famous driveway, to Barracks.

The Mess Room was decorated with holly, and bunting, with a wide strip of paper in Regimental Colors making a fitting base for the many valuable trophies loaned by the Officers' Mess. Overhead, hung colored lights, and a large and tastefully decorated Christmas Tree stood at the head table. Covers were laid for some 60 men, and every seat was occupied. The culinary experts certainly made a success of their part of the festivities, turkey, with all the usual trimmings. Xmas pudding, pies, apples, oranges and nuts being on the bill of fare, and a spirit of jollity prevailed. S.S.M. C. Sayger and Sergt. J. Langley, were in attendance, and generally made themselves useful while the junior N.C.O's acted as waiters for their more fortunate comrades.

Just before the dinner commenced, the Officers of the Barracks paid the Mess a visit, and we received Christmas Greetings from Lt.Col. A. K. Hemming, R.C.R., and our own Squadron Commander Major W. Baty. The speeches were short, and to the point, and then toasts were drunk, the officers left, and everybody got down to the business of doing full justice to the fare, and these were certainly many good trenchermen present.

The dinner was a great success, due in no small measure to the untiring efforts of L/Cpl. 'Fanny' Parker and Company, who had charge of the decorations, and to Sergt. J. Smith and staff who handled the cooking end of it. To these hard workers we extend our congratulations, and already we are looking forward to another such times.

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

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Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns

Here and There.

A Happy New Year to you all....altho' by the time you read thns. it won't be so new.....we are back again on the job once more.....in harness, and with the bit well between the teeth...had a great time while we were away, and had to drag ourselves back...however we had a week of festivities which were a bit of alright.....Christmas Day we spent dashing around and saying charming things to veyrone, and we had a lot of equally charming things said to ourselves.....we take our hats off to the Mess Committee who so lavished their decorative genius on the Mess Room, that we thought it was the Officers' Mess.....there was so much silver on the table that we fully expected to see an armed guard thrown around the Mess Room....however we learned several days later that it was all returned....in good order, and quite bright....our old pal the Chevalier did us proud during the holidays, you could have swum in it if you were not thirsty.....we paid a visit to the R.C.R. Mess, full of good feeling, and quite a bit of the milk of Human kindness: the last by special permission of Cosgrave....had a swell time over there and almost overflowed as it were....we did spill a trifle on the way back to our Mess, but by holding the chin up, we managed to make the journey, without only a few stops for telegraph poles.....it was nice to see John Langley with the boys.....having been away for the greater part of twen-day days we were naturally a bit behind with the local news items.....however, we dug our faithful Reporter Oscar, out from behind the manure pile, and he was actually brimming with news items.....having hastily placed a sheet of blank paper in our typewriter, we gave him the nod and let him pour.....several 'A' Squadron lads braved the bitter cold of Ontario and paid us a visit while we were away.....a lot of our pals are paying us back that way too.....sorry we missed you Hec. and we hope to see you later on when the Hockey Team comes up.....No. 10 Room are looking forward to buying a radio on the "No money down" plan....Albert had another of his peculiar Albertian escapades when his false teeth

made a dash for liberty at a dance at the Armories.... probably wanted a holiday just like the rest of us.....it was just at supper time too.....however, Albert obtained enough sustenance out of oranges and pop.....Joe (Willis to you) almost broke his back trying to imitate a fellow he had seen in the paper who wrote with his feet.....and did he muss up the bar?.....Egbert, who did not go on leave, since his holidays are endless, says he is beginning to get a homesick feeling for zero avenue, down on the farm.....probably our own cold spell made him feel that way....and Jock Henderson rushed in just as we were going to press, with a flock of St. Johns news, which we are saving for next month in case nothing happens here.....we hear that Battleship has taken up residence in St. Johns.... Howdy Wilf.....we attached ourselves to the Waddington Stable for riding during the New Year leave, the first morning we turned it was 25 below zero.....Egbert, says that there is a place in St. Johns where it is hundreds below all the year round....it must be the cemetery.... anyway, however, it was a dry cold and of course we didn't feel it....we noticed a lot of cars in Barracks playing tag around the square.....you know, "you push me, and then I'll push you" rather fun for the cars.....dear old Thomas Duff Esq. was to the Xmas dinner, and entertained us all with his silence.....he was so quiet that we thought he was homesick, and maybe he was....always glad to see you around Tom old Scout....we did hear him say, around 4.15 p.m. to his pal Joe, "Carry me up to bed and don't bend me," so we gather he had a good time.....we have just completed a strenuous campaign in the office, wiping the cowebs out of the calendars, and from behind the spiders, and we don't feel very funny.....we expect to be back to normal before next month.....a lot of news items are going unrecorded, but with the help of our faithful Oscar we expect to have everything lined up in time for the next issue.....we were glad to see John Smuck in Barracks, and in the Mens Mess during the festive season.....its nice of the old timers to remember all the lads once in a while....just before we beat a hasty retreat, we cast a hur-

ried glance over the events of 1933 in an effort to discover which was the most noteworthy, and deserving of medals....if medals are to be issued, a nickle one should surely go to "Albert" without whom we would not have had a great deal to laugh about....And we would award it for his startling demonstration in sloping his arm (rifle) on the shoulder of the men on his right during Spring Training....another medal, shall we say a glass one? should certainly go to Joe (Willis to you) who has managed to consume 96 gallons and two pints of beer during 1933, and this in spite of the fact that a soldier is entitled to his pint of beer.....and before our mood of generosity wears itself ragged, we would award another medal, or maybe a bruce to "Alfy", of hypotenusing fame whose ambition to become a professor never interferes with his duties as Stableman.... having issued out the awards with a suitable word unpronounceable to the human tongue, we find there is one medal left, and this one is made of red flannel..... without a moments hesitation, and with very little delay, we pin it on the broad manly chest of Joe—Joe Gough, who has done so much to keep the candle of romance burning in the hearts of many cold soldiers.....and as thats completes our awards for this month (anyway, it would perhaps be quite in keeping with the spirit of things to wish all these lucky winners a Happy New Year, and you can all keep the change.....we now go to settle an argument about a man who was hurt while "foiling" with the foils.... how very 'foilish' of him, we whisper to ourselves, as we quietly sink into oblivion until next month..... s'long.

J. B. H.

HOCKEY AT STANLEY BARRACKS

As the last few preceding winters have not warranted the erection of an outdoor rink in the Barracks, the practice has been discontinued this year. However, the number of keen hockey enthusiasts in both our own regiment, and in the R.C.R., being large, a six team league has been formed. The Dragoons supply three troop teams, and the Infantry, a team from each Platoon. A fifteen game schedule

has been drawn up and is being played at an artificial rink some distance from the Barracks. However the R.C.A.S.C. have kindly consented to loan us a truck each Wednesday afternoon to carry the players to and from the rink. Two games are played each Wednesday afternoon, and are keenly enjoyed by both the spectators and the players.

Four games have been played at the time of writing, and where they were inter units events, the cavalry fared badly. However there are many games yet to play, and no doubt better results will be shown by our Teams before the season draws to a close.

To date, the league has proven most successful, and we hope to be able to carry it out again next year.

The following are the results of the game played to date.

1st Troop R.C.D. 3—No. 5 Platoon R.C.R. 4.

2nd Troop, R.C.D. 0— No. 6 Platoon R.C.R. 6.

3rd Troop R.C.D. 1—No. 7 Platoon R.C.R. 7.

1st Troop R.C.D. 2—2nd Troop R.C.D. 0.

With "B" Squadron During 1933.

During the past year, the activities of the Squadron have been many and varied. In addition to the usual periods of training, and Annual Sporting events, the Squadron was active in several new branches of sport. The records resulting from these activities, compared to the results of the year previous, showed a very marked and gratifying improvement. Throughout the summer, the Squadron was as usual tied down to the extensive training periods and Royal Schools, which as every one knows, leaves little time for practice at games, and sports. In spite of this handicap, time was found to run off an inter-troop football and baseball schedule, a day of Dismounted Sports, and the Mounted Sports in conjunction with the Old Comrades' Picnic, and many of our men were out at night training for the inter-unit competition. This competition, which occurs annually is for possession of the Toronto Cup, and the Cup goes to the Unit accumul-

ating the highest aggregate of points in Football, Baseball and Field and track events. It was very pleasing to see the Squadron come out on top once more, winning the Football game, cross-country race (1st man home), and earning a big majority of the points in the track and field events. It might be mentioned here, that Mr. Phillips, won the individual honours in dismounted events, while many other athletes did well, notably L/Cpl. "Fanny" Parker, and F. "Norm" Stafford. In addition to the activities mentioned above, the squadron was also active in the cricket world, a Regimental Team meeting teams from Niagara Falls, and district, and also playing two games with the College eleven in St. Catharines, Ont. Perhaps the greatest improvement shown, was in Jumping Events for Other Ranks. At St. Catharines, Niagara Camp, and in Toronto competitions were always close, the excellence of the performances reaching a peak at the Royal Winter Fair, where 14 horses went over the courses for a total of 23½ faults, a total number of faults scored by one horse in 1932. Prominent among the years winners were such old stand-byes as 'Paddy' with L/Cpl. W. T. Morgan, up, "Boxer" ridden by Sgt. F. A. Green, and No. 73 ridden by L/Cpl. F. R. Parker, and in addition to these, we were very pleased to see Tpr. W. A. Knights at last earn a major victory at the Royal with "Brandy" where he won first place after a jump-off.

To get away from the Sporting activities of the Squadron we also perceive a marked improvement in Training. After each troop had undergone a period of three weeks extensive training in the Spring, it was found that no Troop earned less than 88% of marks awarded for every branch of Cavalry work. At Camp, another strenuous syllabus was adhered to, and throughout the year, a marked improvement was apparent. After all trained men had fired the Annual Musketry Course, it was found that the Squadron average was 96.4 and actually showed a percentage average of 60½ Marksmen, and 22 per cent first Class Shots. This should give the Squadron a royal chance for the Cambridge Challenge Bowl, while the teams entered in the C.M.G. Walker Cup competition resulted in an average of over 74 per cent. The many



C.O.—Tpr. X: You are charged with disobedience to standing orders that on the 17th you were grooming your horse in stables after "lights out."

“What have you to say?”

Trpr. X:—Well you see Sir, it was like this.....

Letters to the Editor.

1338 Hall Ave,
Lakewood, Ohio, U.S.A.

The Editor, The Goat,

Dear Sir:

This will not reach you in time for our Christmas number, so I

Musical Rides and Escorts provided by the Squadron earned praise from many well-known horsemen, and were congratulated on all sides for their turn-out and deportment. The Signallers of the Squadron earned praise from the District Officer Commanding, for the high standard of efficiency maintained throughout the year and during the annual Classification of Signallers.

At the time of writing, a hockey schedule is being run off, and efforts are being made to arrange for matches with teams from Camp Borden, London and Kingston, as last year. It is hoped that the team from 'A' Squadron will be able to come up here this winter.

It has been a strenuous year, and a successful one. The Squadron has achieved something, a record of which they may be justly proud, and we all look forward to the coming year as a year when even better things will be done.

J. B. H.

hope all the Old Comrades had a most enjoyable Christmas and are starting out into 1934 with the brightest prospects ever.

Meanwhile, to all now serving in the regiment I wish to all ranks the heartiest of Seasons Greetings.

Last month with the Cleveland Post of the Canadian Legion we celebrated Armistice as usual with ceremonies and dancing, etc. For your information the 'Etc.' had nothing to do with the much heralded repeal of the 18th Amendment. As far as I could see that never made any difference to those who had the inclination and the price.

Three weeks ago five of us drove to Ohio to organize a new post of the Canadian Legion there where so many British ex-service men are working in steel plants.

That makes two new Posts to our credit in Ohio since we obtained our Charter two and a half years ago. At that time we became U.S. A. No. 21 and I believe the new members are now over sixty.

November was a very active month for me as a war veteran and one of my pleasant duties was to respond to the invitation the veterans of the famous Rainbow division who have a national organization of their own. They particularly wished to know what I could tell them of the early pe-

riod of the war and just what part our Regiment as Cavalry played in the war for duration.

Fortunately for me I had my Regimental History and just before there was a most brilliant account of Lieut. Flowerdew's famous charge in Liberty. To see that story, played up as it was in an American Magazine such as Liberty was a great and pleasant shock to me. All this technical knowledge with the early History of the Regiment as an introduction coupled with all the views of the war through my own little peep-hole was apparently just what my hosts wanted.

Another duty a few of us performed was to turn out in uniform forming a colour party to lead delegations from the several local British Societies into one of the larger uptown churches where an old English Harvest was celebrated for the first time in Cleveland.

I have merely tried to show that here, where we have in the main such courteous, tolerant, and understanding hosts we are keeping alive our British associations and traditions of which we are so justly proud, especially those of us who have remained British subjects so far. We must not forget though that so many of American sons could not wait for 1917 and enlisted in Canadian units and even journeyed to the Old Country to enlist. Several such have joined our post of the Legion and turn out to our affairs with just as much enthusiasm and pride in their respective war time units as the rest of us.

Before closing I again wish to state that there are not enough letters from old Comrades published in the Goat. That of course is not the Editor's fault, but the fault of the Old Comrades themselves. So, come on you chaps' let's hear from some more of you from time to time. The Goat is too good an opportunity to pass up for the purpose of keeping alive old associations.

So many veterans of other units have commented on that fact and have regretted that such and such a battalion was demobilized and scattered in 1919 and now no opportunity of keeping in touch with one another.

Cheerio.

Yours sincerely,

E. G. GREEN.

History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Compiled by the late Maj. T. A. James, R.C.D. and verified and edited by Mr. R. C. Feathers-tonaugh.

Part VII

Whilst at La Clytte, parties were sent out daily towards the front, to work on entrenchments and wiring. On these occasions relief at La Clytte were made by Lord Strathcona's Horse, or the King Edward's Horse, but on November 19th the relief of the Regiment at La Clytte was made by the Royal Canadian Regiment, with whom the Dragoons thus come in touch for the first time since leaving Canada. After this relief, the Regiment moved to Mount Koke-reels, remaining there on the 20th and 21st. Next morning the unit marched to Bulford Huts near Neuve Eglise and on the 23rd relieved the 10th Canadian Infantry Battalion in Trenches 132 and 133 in front of Ploebsteert Wood. Irish Farm was also taken over and the garrison for a sector of Hill 63 provided. On the night of the 25th the Regiment relieved by Lord Strathcona's Horse, moved to English Farm. Red Lodge, and Petit Pont Farm. Marching again on November 27th, the Regiment took over Bulford Huts from the 1st C.M.R. and there remained until December 4th, sending working parties to the front daily. Rations Farm and other well known spots were revisited on these occasions and much work on defences was accomplished.

On December 5th, the Regiment took over Trenches 128 and 129 maintaining detachments meanwhile at Red Lodge and a strong point known as the Stable Wall. Trench duty and working parties formed the Regimental activities until December 10th, when the unit was relieved by the 25th Canadian Battalion. After relief, the Regiment marched to Aldershot Huts, near Neuve Eglise, as Corps Reserve, being at the disposal of the 1st Canadian Division for working parties. At this time, Regimental Sergeant-Major G. F. Berteau and Squadron Sergeant-Major G. S. Bull were appointed to commissions in the Regiment.

Christmas 1915

On Christmas Day 1915, there were no working parties and the Regiment celebrated in as near the conventional manner as possible. An enthusiastic rat hunt in the banks surrounding the hutments followed dinner and war was forgotten for a time while dogs and men chased the unhappy rodents. On December 26th working parties were resumed and continued until January 23rd 1916. The next day working parties were cancelled, and orders were received that the Regiment was to move into a new area, where training as cavalry would be resumed.

Following receipt of these orders, the Regiment paraded to Coere on January 25th and was inspected by Lieut.-Gen. E. A. H. Alderson, Commanding the Canadian Corps, who that night published a special commendatory order on the departure of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade from his command.

Cavalry Training Resumed

On January 26th 1916, the Regiment left Aldershot Huts marched to Steenwerk and entrained, detraining at Woincourt at 4 a.m. on January 27th. The Canadian Cavalry Brigade at this time parted from King Edward's Horse, which on February 27th was replaced in the Brigade by the Fort Garry Horse of Winnipeg. The association with King Edward's Horse had been a happy one and all ranks of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade cherish the memory of their service in co-operation with this fine body of men.

In the training area occupied until April 9th, 1916, the Brigade came under the 1st Indian Cavalry Division and the Regiment was billeted with H.Q., M.G., and 'C' Squadron in Tully, 'A' Squadron in Friaucourt.

On January 31st the Regiment received two hundred horses with saddles and equipment, on loan from the following sources:

'C' Squadron, 50 horses from Lucknow Brigade.

'C' Squadron, 18 horses from Sialkot Brigade.

'B' Squadron, 66 horses from Sialkot Brigade.

'A' Squadron, 66 horses from Sialkot Brigade.

Mounted training commenced at once and the loss of many trained cavalymen in the trench warfare of the previous months was soon

noticeable. Equipment began to arrive on February 4th and on the 10th horses began coming in, continuing to arrive in small numbers until the Regiment was completely mounted. Intensive training was the order of the day, and was so far advanced by February 28th that the Divisional Commander, Major-General Leader, inspected the Squadrons which were at work on the sands of the sea-shore near Ault.

Though horses continued to arrive from the base depots and from England, it soon became clear that they were markedly inferior to the fine mounts the Royal Canadian Dragoons had brought from Canada and left in England, although a few of these later found their way back to the unit.

On March 2nd most of the horses borrowed from the Sialkot Brigade were returned and on the 11th the Regiment was inspected on the sands at Ault by its former Commanding Officer Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B. Four days later there was a Brigade Exercise and inspection by Major-General Leader; and on April 8th the Regiment was inspected by the G.O.C. 2nd Indian Cavalry Division.

Preparations for the Somme

On April 9th, 1916 the Royal Canadian Dragoons marched to Greycy and billeted in a field not far from the famous spot in British History, where the Black Prince won his spurs. The townspeople of Greycy were aloof at first and seemed to regard the arrival of the British troops with misgivings, but their fears soon vanished and on the following morning, when the Regiment marched to Auchy-les-Hesdin, they bade the men farewell with many expressions of good will.

At Auchy-les-Hesdin the Regiment remained for some weeks, taking part with other units of the Brigade, which now formed part of the 3rd Cavalry Division, in tactical schemes and training for participation in the fighting that lay ahead. From May 21st to 30th intensive training was carried out in a special area near Neuilly-L'Hopital, where trenches were laid out and extensive cavalry manoeuvres were possible. Returning to Auchy-les-Hesdin on May 30th training there was continued until June 17th, when the Regiment marched to another special area

near Drucat, where it remained for ten days.

The Somme, 1916.

Marching from Drucat on the night of June 26, 1916 the Royal Canadian Dragoons reached Hangeat at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 27th and proceeding thence next night, passed through Amiens to bivouac, before dawn in a field near Bussy les Daours. Two days were spent in this village, two days in which all ranks prepared eagerly for the action that all hoped lay immediately ahead. The air pulsed with the roar of distant guns and, as these increased their fire to a mighty crescendo on the morning of July 1st, it was obvious that the battle on the Somme front would soon be joined.

At 3 o'clock on that morning, the second Dominion Day the unit had seen dawn in France, the Royal Canadian Dragoons moved across country to Buire-sur-L'Ancre, prepared to advance into action as soon as the situation in the forward area demanded. But it was not to be. At noon the Brigadier rode forward with his staff and crossed the old front line, returning some time later with the news that no opportunity for mounted action was likely to be afforded. Accordingly at 6 p.m. the Regiment moved back to bivouac at Bussy les Daours.

Again on July 13th, the Royal Canadian Dragoons advanced to Buire-sur-L'Ancre and thence to Ville Sous Corbie proceeding on July 14th to a position in Sausage Valley near Mametz. The 7th Dragoon Guards were in action in this day and, for a time, it seemed that the Canadian Cavalry Brigade would be also engaged; but again no chance to employ Cavalry was provided and the Regiment at night regretfully withdrew to Ville sous Corbie, where it remained for nine days and then moved back still further to Bussy les Daours.

From Bussy les Daours, 2 officers and 40 other ranks left by bus on July 26th to dig a new trench line in the forward area, one officer and 72 other ranks proceeding on a similar party on July 31. Next day notification of several casualties in these parties was received; but at the same time the unit was strengthened by the arrival of 2 officers and 100 other rank reinforcements. On August 3rd Lieuts. H. V. LeMesurier and W. H. Wardrope and 42 other

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night like
this . . .



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ranks left to relieve the working party of July 26th; Lieuts. R. B. Nordheimer and G. F. Berteau proceeding similarly with reinforcements on the 4th to relieve Lieuts. Jarvis and Coyne. On Aug. 6th and 7th further parties were despatched to the forward area, and on the 7th Lieut. Cochrane and 29 other ranks returned. Meanwhile, in addition to the trench digging parties, the Regiment was supplying strong bearer parties to assist the Casualty Clearing Station at Bussy.

Working Parties Continue.

Though the Regiment on August 8th marched to Montaine proceeded to Blangy on the 9th, and continued to Neslette in the valley of the Bressle River on August 10. Working parties in the Somme area were not discontinued. On the contrary, a party of 2 officers and 118 other ranks proceeded forward on August 16th, relieving Capt. R. B. Nordheimer and Lieuts. LeMesurier, Berteau and Wardrope, who with 142 other ranks reported back to the unit at Neslette on August 20th. Similarly, following a move by the Regiment on August 21st to Brutelles, near the seacoast, and after its return on August 25th to Neslette, parties under Lieuts. Irving, Mass and Steer were despatched for work in the forward area.

Sports

On August 29th, in the Canadian Cavalry Brigade sports, the Royal Canadian Dragoons, thanks in no small measure to the successes of Regimental Sergeant-Major T. A. James, scored creditable points; and in the Divisional sports, held at Neslette on September 4th, this record was continued, Capt. R. B. Nordheimer winning the officer's open jumping event from a field which included a number of well mounted French officers; Regimental Sergeant-Major James winning the other ranks' open competition; and Sergt. Foote of 'A' Squadron, scoring a popular win in the 'best turned out soldier' event. In addition to these victories two second places were captured by the Regiment's entries.

Back to the Somme

Two days after the Regimental Sports at Neslette, the Royal Canadian Dragoons marched to

Hangest, proceeding to Querrieu on September 7th to Meaulte on the 14th, and across country on the 15th to a position South of Mametz. The British Army, including the Canadian Corps, was again attacking on this date at the Somme, tanks were being used for the first time, and, as in July it seemed possible that Cavalry action would be nearer. For two days the regiment remained in the forward area, but no orders for action were received and in the evening on September 17th it moved back to bivouac at Querrieu.

Autumn, 1916

Marching from Querrieu on September 26th, the Regiment proceeded by way of Amiens and Piquigny to LeMesge and came under the 2nd Indian Cavalry Division as part of the Fourth British Army. For a month, approximately, the unit remained at LeMesge, maintaining meanwhile its working party at the Somme and training in rain and mud that recalled the days of Salisbaury Plain and rendered effective work most difficult. It speaks well for the spirit of the men that throughout this trying period the horse were kept in surprisingly good condition.

Winter 1916-1917.

On November 1st 1916, the Regiment less the dismounting working party on the Somme, marched to winter quarters, with H.Q. and 'A' and 'B' Squadrons at Bourseville and 'C' Squadron at Wagnareu. The Somme working party was maintained throughout November. On November 24th The Canadian Cavalry Brigade, then an integral part of the 2nd Indian Cavalry Division, received notification that the Division would drop its Indian designation and become simply the British 5th Cavalry Division.

On December 12th a Pioneer battalion company which had been organized from the Regiment in the back area, left for the Somme, under Major E. L. Caldwell, with Lieuts. Sawers, Arnoldi, Wardrope Gwyn, LeMesurier and Coyne.

During January and February the Regiment, less its Pioneer battalion company, carried out training, including musketry and many tactical exercises. Early in the following month, Corpl. Lees, R.C.D. won the Cavalry Corps

A Horse That Is Almost Human.

Went Through The War And Is Now A Hunter

(From Daily Mail, Jan. 9, 1934)

The story of a war-horse should end with a war, but the story of Lord Mottistone's Warrior only really began when he returned home from France on Christmas Day 1918, after four years and five months in the thick of the fighting, including one battle where 800 horses were killed in less than an hour.

As a three year old he embarked with his owner—better known to the public as General J. E. B. Seely—as part of the British Expeditionary Force of August 1914. As a 23-years-old he carried his owner gaily to hounds last Friday and is still as eager as any hunter in the chase.

There are other wonderful equine veterans of the war browsing away their old age in the quiet fields and paddocks of England, but surely there cannot be another who renews his youth perennially as Warrior does.

As Well As Ever

His early training may have much to do with it.

"He is as well as ever he was"

Featherweight Boxing Chamapionship at aAbbeville.

Lieut.-Col. C. T. Van Straubenzee Assumes Command.

On March 13th 1917, Lieut. Col. C. T. VanStraubenzee, assumed command of the Regiment, taking over from Lt. Col. C. M. Nelles, C. M.G., who proceeded to England to command the Cavalry Depot of Shorncliffe. Next day the Royal Canadian Dragoons paraded on the sands to bid Colonel Nelles farewell. He had commanded the Regiment at the outbreak of war, had brought it to France, and had led it mounted and dismounted, in all its experiences up to that time. Recalling this long and able leadership, the other ranks on parade and the officers at dinner that

night united to wish Col. Nelles all good fortune in the days ahead. said Lord Mottistone to a Daily Mail reporter yesterday, "and enjoys hunting as much as a horse a dozen years younger than him. But then he has the virtues of all animals in him. He has as many lives as a cat, the faithfulness of the best of dogs, the spirit of tiger, and pretty well the intelligence of a human being."

Among Lord Mottistone's friends the story of Warrior is well known. It is to his intelligence rather than to luck that Lord Mottistone attributes Warrior's many escapes in France. He says:—

He became more and more accustomed to and, indeed, contemptuous of shell fire, but rifle and machine-gun fire always worried him. One could see him making an effort not to lose his head while trembling a little as the ping-ping-ping continued.

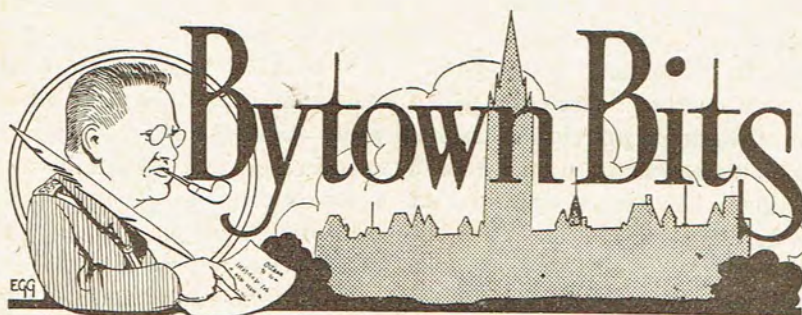
Of course he was right. All unaimed fire in warfare must be disregarded, just as one disregards the chances of being struck by lightning, but the fire aimed at oneself as a visible object must be terminated at the first possible moment, either by getting out of sight or closing with the enemy. At the risk of appearing fantastic, I say my horse apprehended this truth.

Carried Sir John French

Many times Sir John French, then in command of the British Expeditionary Force rode Warrior, and many troops who heard the Commander-in-Chief's impromptu talks and encouragements to them must have noticed the fine bay thoroughbred that he sometimes rode.

"Warrior had many narrow escapes from shell-fire," says Lord Mottistone in one of his books. "On one occasion the horse belonging to my brigade major, which was standing alongside, almost touching Warrior, was cut clean in half by a large fragment of shell."

"Then I rode him", said Lord Mottistone, "on that desperate day—March 30, 1918—when my men attacked and recaptured the ridge and forest of Moreuil. I have been told that we lost 800 horses in less than an hour. Warrior was in the midst of them, and, indeed, for a part of the time was an especial mark; but again he escaped unscathed."



Gave Dinner Party:— On the evening of December 27th a number of officers of the Headquarters Staff and the Ottawa Garrison tendered a dinner party to Commodore Walter Hose and Brigadier General A. H. Bell, both of whom retired to pension on December 31st.

New Year's Day:—The time honored custom of visiting the messes was carried out in ancient form on the first of January at Ottawa. At 12.15 His Excellency the Governor General held a levee at the House of Commons which was attended by a large delegation of Officers of the garrison and by the general public. The officers then repaired to their various messes and during the afternoon entertained their friends. Official greetings from Headquarters were

conveyed by Major General A. G. McNaughton, Chief of Staff and Brigadier C. F. Constantine, who has taken over the duties of Adjutant General. In the afternoon the Right. Hon. R. B. Bennett entertained at the Chateau.

Presentation of Standards:— The event of the month in cavalry circles will be the official presentation of the Regimental Standard presented by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, to the Chief. This will take place in the Senate Chamber to the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards of which unit she is Colonel in Chief on January the twentieth, the actual presentation being made by His Excellency the Governor General. The escort to the colours will be composed of Major J. D. Fraser, and

Major Meredith Jarvis and the Archbishop of Ottawa assisted by Captain the Rev. Serson Clarke, chaplain of the unit will formally dedicate them. Invitations have been issued and the cavalymen are hard at work preparing for the event.

Harry Coghill Passes:— The death of Lieut. Col. H. J. Coghill, Sergeant at Arms of the House of Commons, while not entirely unexpected caused a feeling of widespread regret among the soldier men of Ottawa. Few, if any officers at Headquarters so endeared themselves to all ranks during their tour of duty than did Col. Coghill. He was a tower of strength in re-organization days and did much both unofficially and otherwise to help put the militia of Canada back on its feet. Anyone could go to him for advice and many seeming difficulties and grouses were wiped away after a half hours chat with him. He knew his job from the ground up and when the time came for him to be moved to M.D. No. 1 at London everyone in Ottawa was sorry indeed to see him go. As an organizer his worth was recognized

by the then Prime Minister, the Right Honourable Mackenzie King, for to him was entrusted the arrangements for the various visits of H.R.H., the Prince of Wales and other high officers and officials. Upon him fell the full brunt of making all the necessary arrangements for receptions and transportation. His work was especially manifest when during the visit of Colonel Lindberg at the time of the Confederation ceremonies it was necessary overnight to change the nature of a parade from one of glorification to one of mourning when one of the American officers, Lieut. Thad Johnston was killed in making a landing at the Ottawa flying field. The funeral on January 11th was one of the largest military funerals ever held in Ottawa. All services were represented, the service being conducted by Major the Rev. T. J. Thompson, pastor of the Glebe United Church. Interment was in Ottawa.

An Apology:—As the originator of this famous column in that great family journal The Goat, I must first of all apologize for the neglect of the past few months in

not sending anything in from this neck of the woods. Pressure of business in the department and the lack of time incidental must be the excuse and to those of the readers who have looked in vain for my paragraph I offer my sincere regrets. Therefore as a pre New Year's resolution I shall try and keep the page in circulation once more.

Ottawa Winter Fair:—The Ottawa Winter fair seems to be on the come back and the performances of last month were creditable. True only local talent were showing but they put on some wonderful performance the work of Major J. D. Fraser and Lieut. Allen and Maybury of the P.L.D. G. being very praiseworthy. The musical ride of N. Division. R. C.M.P. was the added attraction. Given a little better break and larger grants for prizes there is no reason why the outside horseman should not again invade the capital.

Suffered Loss:—Fire destroyed the old competitors building at the Rockliffe Ranges on the 10th inst. and destroyed a large supply of clothing and equipment belonging to N. Division R.C.M.P. Lack of adequate fire prevention prevented anything being done in the way of saving the goods.

Winter Training:—All units of the garrison are now engaged in their winter training. Owing to the rigours of the weather it is not possible to do any out of doors work but classes and lectures are held every evening at various regimental headquarters. The theoretical portion of the Staff course for this district is being held in Ottawa this winter and lectures are given each week by Major R. G. Whitelaw from M.D. No. 3, of Kingston.

43rd Association: The annual meeting of the 43rd D.C.O.R. association was held recently and Major A. A. Pinard, who for 30 years was a member of the unit was elected president.

New Years Reception:—The various units of the garrison are making the usual preparation for the New Years reception in their messes. As usual the Governor General will hold his levee at the House of Commons after which

the units will be hosts to their friends in the time honored custom.

Garrison Ball:—The annual ball of the Officers of His Majesty's Forces in Ottawa and Hull was held in the Chateau Laurier on the evening of January 19th. The event was graced by the immediate presence of His Excellency the Governor General and the Countess of Bessborough.

Presentation of Standard:—Lt. Colonel E. B. Nelson, M.C., O.C., the P.L.D.G. is making arrangements for the presentation in the near future of the Standard recently received from Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, the Honorary Colonel in Chief of the Unit. It is expected that His Excellency the Governor General make the presentation.

ON SUNDAY.

I

When you cannot find your jacket
And your cap is flattened out.
When you've lost your button
polish,
And your razor's up the spout.
When your puttees wont stay
fastened,
Tho you've coaxed and cried and
prayed,
You can bet your bottom dollar
That you're bound for Church
Parade.

II

In a stiff backed pew they place
you,
There you fidget, doze and fret,
And you wake up disappointed,
For the padre's going yet.
When at last the sermon's over,
And the final hymn is played,
You have lost all the religion,
That you brought on Church
Parade.

III

They would make you fit for
Heaven,
So it's surely strange to tell,
Getting ready for the journey,
Makes you nearly fit for H—
Your heart is hot and angry,
When it should be mild and staid,
Sure, you're just a bloomin'
heathen,
When you're out on Church
Parade.

"Ali Baba"

A Front Liner.

COLLEAGUE IN WAR AND PEACE

The Story of an Artillery Charger

To the Editor of The Times

(Courtesy of The Times)

Sir.—A light chestnut gelding of 15½ hands he was when I picked him in Grammar School ground on or about August 6, 1914, at Stafford. Thus, commandeered from a neighbouring Hunt, at the age of seven or eight, he came to us. Now, on the eve a most of Christmas, "Christ Church" passes on.

Let me turn back the pages; seven months' training in Bedfordshire and Essex, then from February 1915 (though nearly sent back a fortnight after landing because of oint oil) to May, 1919 (on the Rhine), with the B.E.F. and finally, after a triumphal crossing—with well blanco'd head-rope and "poshed up" accoutrements—of the Hohenzollern Bridge at Cologne, "good bye to all that" (but not to me!) at Aldridge's. What a four year's! Hardly a mile from Langemarck to Noyon he missed hardly a regiment or combattant nationality, but he intermingled with its "hairies," "Diggers" and "Canooks": there can be little of bush or prairie he has not heard "straight from the horse's mouth." In the two periods, of about six months each, when his master was in England, he took the opportunity of filling up the few gaps in the line which, for all the various units to which he transferred following his allegiance, he had not otherwise been shown! In the process he even found himself at Marseilles, making as if to board the transport to Egypt!

No Cavalry or R.H.A. horse he, but R.F.A. "to his shoe tips," and for the last two years Army Brigade at that! Some will remember the significance of this remark; few pushes did he miss with such a unit. Up to the guns almost daily—and often nightly—and with wagon lines seldom over three or four miles from the front trench and often quite close up, as in the forward horse lines of 1918 days, he was more than once very nearly the sole survivor left in them when they were "Hi-vicked" or bombed by Gothas. Gas, on the way to or at the guns, he knew

only too well, and also the experience of coming under close range fire from low-flying aeroplanes. Two or three times he was in "No Man's Land"; on one of these occasions, in full view in front of La Maisonette, near Peronne, in a sea of barbed and hoop wire and derelict shell holes, without a hint of excitement or flurry in the face of "Whizz-bangs"—or worse—and machine guns from three sides, he performed a prodigious feat of faultless extrication from a situation which seemed and logically remains without hope.

Here was a real charger, with none of the highly strung fretfulness of the thoroughbred—in the accepted sense of the word—so embarrassing in war, but the calm discretion and judgment of the seasoned soldier. Never did he, like the pampered blue-blooded nurse-lings, lose condition when oats were short out in the open in the French or Flanders winter. Thriving on the diet of rugs and blankets (his neighbors) and wooden posts used for the horse lines, such asceticism (if it were so!) was grandly expiated, first by one glorious orgy in April, 1918, when he ate the section oats (very nearly), inadvertently and rashly placed overnight in his stable on one of the rare occasions when he had a roof, and again by another more savoury white waistcoat affair, when he wrenched off and chewed blissfully a chunk from the mouth of the colonel's principal mount! But there were times (not many) of real Elysium—two miles of green standing corn en route to the guns in a newly evacuated area, we were hurried in those days, so it was usually done at a canter; but this could not be allowed to interfere! So on many occasions could be seen a head obstinately kept bent down to the ground eating the gifts of God like the expresse engine picking up water en route while cantering, by no means leisurely, to our destination!

After the War it was long periods out to grass—never till November, 1933, under cover for a single night in winter—some lameness and ringbone from kicks from the farmers' "heavies." Interspersed were long weeks of rides, three hours and more often six days a week, right up till October of this year, over estates in Central Staffordshire and for a short time the North Cotswolds and always with his War-time master on his

back. Almost always at least, for every member of the family, made one time or another. His owner's two sons and daughter on a panner took their first rides at one and two years old on his back, and when too old for that stage, used him as a sort of rocking-horse plaything to tumble off and on, while his impassive, bored, and typical Wartime blasé expression, only at a crisis alert seemed as ever to betoken entire unconsciousness of what was happening.

Does this story suggest a record? We read of appropriate occasions of old War veterans still surviving today, but they are Cavalry of R.H.A. horses; here we have a front liner, whose weeks in back areas could be counted on fingers. Whether or not any other man has had the luck to have retained so long a very dear pal, who never let him down—except softly, unexpectedly, and playfully on the ground (and once in a mud bath!)—in those incredible days, there is someone just now contemplating that he will never love another animal on this earth as he did the

companion whose tail he could (and did) pull like a bell rope, whose mouth he could (and did) kiss, or whose teeth would clench his hands without paining them—all from the first day almost that they meet each other; and, above all, whom he could talk with for hours in war or peace with complete mutual understanding in the silences of a still night or in the moment of crisis or trouble. A dog may be a wonderfully loyal 'child'. But a war horse is a colleague.

I am your obedient servant,
SANDON

To Talkative

A widow, whose only son was fighting in France had not received a letter from him in a long time. To her delight one morning a letter came. It was of bulky dimensions, but to her surprise on opening it every single word had been erased by the censor. The only thing readable was a footnote, by the censor himself.

"Madam, your son is quite well but he talks too much."

NEWS OF OTHER DAYS, TEN YEARS AGO

Taken from The Goat Jan. 1924.

Q.S.M.I. J. H. Dowdell, (I.C.) R.C.D. and Q.M.S.I. A. M. Doyle, (I.C.) RCD have left for Toronto on a three months course

Several of the members of 'A' Sqn. who spent their Christmas in Montreal, were the guests of 'D' Coy. The Royal Canadian Regiment at their Christmas dinner.

The following is the line-up of the Hockey match played between 'A' Sqn. and K. of C.

Capt. Drury, goal, Tpr. Mercier and Tpr. Kelly defence, L/Cpl. Stanyer centre, Tpr. McKerrel, forward, Tpr. Durnford, (Capt.) forward, Spares L/Cpl. Green, Cpl. Barker, Tpr. Boucher.

The undermentioned Officers, W.O's. N.C.O's and men qualified as marksmen at Annual Musketry

1923.

Major R.S. Timmis, D.S.O.
Lt and Bt. Major, F. Sawyers, M.C.
S.S.M. J. Copeland, D.C.M.
Sgt. J. H. Hallet
Cpl. F. Sturgess.
L/Cpl. S. W. McKeown, M.M.
Tpr. C. Cox.
Tpr. M. Maloney, D.C.M.

A certain English General made an unannounced call upon an Australian regiment on Salisbury Plain. He was a very even tempered man but before the day was over he was angry.

He crossed the parade-ground where a lot of Australians were lounging about, but nobody saluted him. Arriving outside the orderly room he found a sentry on guard. To his amazement the man made no attempt to salute him.

"I want to see your commanding officer."

The Australian put his head inside the door and growled—"Bill here is a bloke wants to talk to you."

Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

City Dairy

Spadina Cres..

Toronto.

Kingsdale 6151

General (inspecting the platoon)
"Well, Sergeant, are these men well trained?"

Sergeant: "Yes Sir, all except one."

General: "What's wrong with him? Can't he form fours?"

Sergeant: "No Sir, and he can't slope arms, and he can't keep in step."

General: "All right, we'll give him a commission."



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House Slippers

at

Reduced Prices.

In felt, with or without heels, in several models and colors.

Overshoes

are also again reduced.

GEORGES ST-GERMAIN

Courtesy, Service and Satisfaction always rule.

Wholesale & Retail

(in front Imperial Theatre)

Richelieu St. St. Johns

Records of Other Regiments of Canada.

THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA

BATTLE—HONOURS

"North West Canada, 1885." "South Africa 1899-1900." "St. Julien." "Festubert, 1915." "Somme, 1916." "Flers-Courselette," "Vimy, 1917," "Hill 70," "Passchendaele." "Amiens." "Canal du Nord." "Pursuit to Mons."

"We have duties to fulfil towards England; if we desire to obtain her support for our defence, we must help ourselves. When we have organised a system of defence, suitable for our mutual protection. England will not fail us in case of need, either in soldiers or in money." So said Georges Etienne Cartier, a statesman who as his name implies was of French Canadian birth, in speech made in the Canadian Legislative Assembly some seventy years ago. Many suns have set and many days have passed into oblivion since that speech was made, but on both sides the duties of mutual defence have been honourably fulfilled. Threats to the safety of Canada, such as the "Trent" affair and the Fenian raids, have seen reinforcements despatched post-haste from England; while whenever the Motherland has been engaged in warfare on the grand scale, Canadian volunteers have been forthcoming to fight alongside the soldiers of "the Old Country."

Of the warlike traditions of Canada, the late Lt. Colonel George T. Denison, a military historian of worldwide repute, and himself of Canadian birth has written:

"The Canadian Militia have a history of which they may well be proud. For over one hundred years they have been the mainstay of Imperial interests in North America, and in the face of tremendous odds they have aided greatly in preserving half a continent to the British Empire. In spite of adverse circumstances

and unfavourable conditions in no part of the Queen's dominions have the people shown a stronger spirit of unselfish and patient loyalty."

Prominent among the units of the Canadian Militia is The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. The regiment was organised nearly seventy four years ago, under General Order, dated 26th April 1860. At that time every man had to provide uniform and equipment at his own expense.

The regiment was less than a year old when the "rent" affair brought the British Empire and the United States to the verge of war and consequently caused greater interest to be taken in the Militia of Canada.

At the close of the American Civil War there were thousands of Irish-American ex-Soldiers who had been discharged from the contending armies and were more or less "at a loose end". Irish Home Rule extremists organized them into armed bands and twice invaded Canada. These two invasions are known in history as "The Fenian Raids." The first took place in 1866 and the second in 1870. The Queen's Own suffered several casualties in action against the Fenians in the 1866 raid.

In 1885 a crack-brained fanatic named Louis Riel organized a rebellion among the half-breed hunters of the North West Territory and got several of the Indian tribes to support him. The rebellion was suppressed by a force consisting entirely of Canadian troops, and it for their services in this campaign that the regiment received the Battle Honour, "North West Canada, 1885."

During the South African campaign of thirty three years ago the Dominion of Canada sent no less than seven thousand three hundred men to the front. Of these, The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada provided a due quota to each of the various contingents, and their services were rather belatedly recognised only a few weeks ago by the Battle Honour "South Africa, 1899 to 1900" being awarded to the regiment.

In September 1910 the Officer Commanding The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada brought the regiment over to England at his own expense to take part on the Army Manoeuvres. At that time the regiment was commanded by Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt. Whilst at Aldershot on that occasion the 1st Bn

The Buffs and The Queen's Own Rifles became very friendly. They carried out a route march together on one occasion. Permission to use the same Regimental March as The Buffs had been asked and obtained by The Queen's Own Rifles over forty years before, and it was this use of the same regimental march which was one of the first between the two corps. A draft of "The Buffs" leaving Aldershot to join the 2nd Bn. on foreign service was played to the station by the band of The Queen's Own.

On 21st February 1914 the following appears in Canadian Militia Orders: "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of the 2nd Regiment The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada being made an allied regiment of The Buffs East Kent Regiment."

On St. George's Day, 23rd April 1914, a dinner was held simultaneously at Fermoy (where the 1st Buffs were stationed) and at the Toronto headquarters of The Queen's Own. Direct cable communication was established between the two battalions and messages of mutual friendship exchanged. There was something prophetic in the closing words of the speech made by Lt. Col. Hill, (O.C. 1st Buffs), which were as follows:—"May we fight shoulder to shoulder with you if ever we are called upon to defend the Empire in the name of the King." Just twelve months afterwards to the very day, The Buffs and their Canadian comrades were fighting side by side at St. Julien during the Second Battle of Ypres.

Immediately on the outbreak of war with Germany in August 1914, the services of the whole of The Queen's Own Rifles were offered, but to their disappointment the unit was not accepted en bloc, but was asked to furnish two hundred and fifty volunteers. Those conversant with Canadian affairs will remember that the first Contingent was formed of numbered bns. (i.e. "1st Bn. C. E. F.") each made up of parties from various Militia units. At a later stage in the war some of the Canadian Overseas Battalions were allowed to wear the badge and bear the title of existing Militia units, and the 166th and 83rd Bns wore the badge and titles of Queen's Own Rifles. Altogether The Queen's Own Rifles provided sixty one officers and about four thousand

With the Compliments of
James F. Cosgrave,
Toronto, Ont.

other ranks for the 3rd Bn. C.E. F. The Queen's Rifles were also strongly represented in the ranks of the 4th and 5th Bn. Canadian Mounted Rifles (which in spite of their title served as Infantry all through the war); also in the 19th, 335th, 58th, 74th, 83rd, 166th and 225th Overseas Battalions. Altogether more than nine thousand of The Queen's Own enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force for service overseas; one thousand three hundred of them were killed, and over three thousand wounded. One Victoria Cross and over three hundred other decorations were awarded to members of the regiment. Besides the units enumerated above, The Queen's Own also helped in the formation of the 198th Bn. raised in Toronto through the interest of some exiled Men of Kent and popularity known as "The Canadian Buffs."

The late Colonel John McCrae, whose beautiful lines "In Flanders Fields" have now taken their place among the classic English poems which will never die, was at

one time a member of The Queen's Own.

In the summer of 1926 a representative party of The Buffs went over to Toronto on a fraternal visit to their allied Canadian Corps. On 27th July 1928, Her Majesty the Queen honoured the regiment by becoming Colonel in Chief. This is the only Canadian unit so honoured by Her Majesty.

It may be mentioned that 1910 was not the regiment's first visit to England, as Sir Henry Pellatt had also paid the cost of bringing a detachment, together with the bugle band, to the Coronation ceremony of King Edward VII.

At the present time The Queen's Own Rifles have two active and four reserve battalions, with a Cadet Corps attached. The uniform of the regiment is green with scarlet facings, and the badge is a Maple Leaf, having the regimental number within a circle in the centre.

R. MAURICE HILL.

Military Howlers.

The following answers were collected from Royal School examination papers and sent to The Goat by an officer of the service.

Tactics

Question—Name three kinds of defence.

Answers—

1—Extended Order. Shallow formations and Trenches.

2—Front, Flank and Rear.

4—Guards, Piquets, Patrols, Detached Posts.

5—Reconnaissance, vanguards and Main attack.

6—Charge, Assault and Halt.

7—Hill's Woods and Trenches

8—Wire Entanglements, Entrenchments, Broken or 'Stoney Ground, form an excellent defensive position.

9—Wire entanglements, Guards Outposts, and Entrenchments.

Question—Holding Attack.

1—Keep the ground you have got, and hold it.

2—To protect the City or Town

and be ready to go if needed.

3—Is not losing any ground.

Question—Define an Advanced Guard.

1—Pointers or Feelers, with bunches of patrols.

Organization and Administration

Question—For what reason is a soldier's pay stopped?

Answer—Internal complaint of the soldier.

Question—What is meant by "Tattoo?"

Answer—A gathering to celebrate "First Post."

Question—What is "Reveille?"

Answer—Time to get them up and at work.

Question—What is Piquet?

Answer—A Number of men under an N.C.O. to accompany a prisoner or bring back a corpse.

Question—What is meant by the Inner Flank

Answer—Outside of a body of men.

Question—What is a Minor Offence? Give three examples.

Answers—One day C.B.; Two days C.B.; Three days C.B.



"You must come up and see me sometime."

Theory of Rifle Fire

Question—Define Elevation.

Answer—The act of raising the line in line with the plane of the horizon.

Question—What is Collective fire.

Answers—A number of men firing with sights a little different.

Question—What is the trajectory.

Answer—Is the curved course the bullet takes in its flight.

Question—How is drift compensated.

Answer—It is compensated in the factory by setting the sights.

Question—What is unarmed fire.

- Answers
- 1 Firing without Orders.
 - 2—Firing at random.
 - 3—Shooting at night at a great distance.
 - 4—Is when it passes over the target aimed at and hits some other target, thus having a great moral effect on the target hit, and not aimed at.

Question—What precautions would you take when firing up a hill?

Answers—1—Tilt the bullet. 2—Stand clear as soon as the rifle is fired.

Care Of Arms

Question—Who is responsible for the Arms of a Company?

Answer—A Major or a Mounted Captain.

Question—If there is metallic fouling in the rifle, what should be done with it?

Answer—it should be boiled and

SOME REMINISCENCES OF OLD COMRADE WHO SERVED WITH THE REGIMENT IN FRANCE

Our Troop Sergeant knew his stuff all right, there was no doubt about that. When it came to K. R. and O. the Colonel might have been wrong or the Lance Corporal might be out in some cases, but the Sergeant was always right. Besides thirteen years service in our regiment he had served at least two or three years periods in an imperial line regiment. But in spite of these qualifications although not due to inefficiency there were several occasions when his own troopers managed to get somewhat the better of him which we will endeavour to set forth.

First of all, in order to give an idea of the disposition of the "Sergt." let us listen in on a little official conversation between a section Corporal and him—

"Corporal Smith, how many men will you have on parade this

then seen by the Army Service Corps.

Question—If a Pull-Through is broken in the rifle, what should be done?

Answer—It should be taken to the Armourer-Sergeant, who has a tool that will reach the third loop.

Editor's note:—We are considering indenting for one of the above for St. Johns.

morning. The Corporal consults note book and in a flustered manner replies "Well, there is Taylor, he won't be on parade."

At this the Sergeant goes red in the face and thunders: "It's not the men who are not for parade that I want, it's the duty men that I am after, when I start talking about automobiles you start talking about wheel-barrows. After the Sergeant had left the Corporal remarked 'That bird is so tough that when the Orderly Sergeant warned the man for guard he shouted his message through the key-hole and then beat it for his life.'"

Some of the lads certainly got the sergeant's goat in one of our camps on the Somme. One of the boys in putting up his bivouac used his sword and scabbard in place of a stake. It had rained the night before and the sergeant passing through the lines stopped and drew the sword out, it was red with rust and he immediately went to get an officer. No sooner was his back turned than the owner of the weapon switched the sword for that of one of the other boys which was burnished bright. In a few minutes back came the sergeant with the troop officer and whipping out the sword he said—'Here it is Sir' The burnished steel gleamed in the moonlight and the sergeant face turned all colours of the rain-bow. In the meantime fearing a troop inspection the boys were busy dolling up the other weapon.

Another occasion on counting the horses in the lines the sergeant discovered that one was

missing. He at once put the picquet under arrest, the man gave the word to his pals and they went over to the lines of another regiment and returned with a horse which they substituted for the missing animal. Later on the troop Sergeant informed the Picquet that he would be taken before the troop officer that evening. The picquet then had the sergeant recount the horses and he was obliged to take back water. In this case the boys took no chances on the trick being discovered so they went out in search of the right horse, they were successful in finding him so another switch made things right. On returning from a working party one night a few of us had a good laugh at the expense of one of our comrades. As we were making our way towards our own lines we heard some one calling for help. We crept toward the spot and discovered one of the lads tangled up in the barbed wire, we agreed to let him howl for a while and it was amazing how completely he mastered the art of profanity. We let him rave a while, when we thought that he had enough, we went over and released him, he certainly gave us our pedigree. Two of the lads one night decided to raid a chicken coop, The chap who suggested the expedition was evidently experienced in the art of taking a chicken from the roost. He advised his companion to be sure to catch the bird by the neck. Well, in the excitement of the venture the chap grabbed a fowl from the roost by a leg and the cackle set up by them arous-

ed the farmer who gave an alarm. The marauders however managed to make camp with their loot and decided that the bird would be safer tied in a small tree top. But the farmer was early at Squadron Headquarters to register a complaint and the culprits having got wind of this were afraid to recover their loot so there high in the branch the chicken remained for several days until one of the officers ordered it cut down.

What Every Horseman Should Know.

(By Wayne Dinsmore, Secretary, Horse Association of America)

(The Cavalry Journal, U.S.A.)

There are but two living things that all men, young or old, will stop to look at. A beautiful horse is one of them.

Since civilization began the horse has been the companion, servant and friend of men. His speed served the earliest people who lived by their herds and flocks; his power and docility aided their first crude attempts at agriculture; his strength and courage won battles and decided wars.

From the beginning victory has rested on the banners of the nations best equipped with horses and mules. The last war was no exception.

Horses and mules drew the guns and carried the supplies through the last dread zone that was ever swept by artillery fire — across ditches and over apparently insuperable obstacles—for the horse has never feared to go where man dared lead or ride.

Back of the lines, on farms, plantations, and ranches; back of the cattle, sheep and swine, producing the grain and forage to feed them and the bread grains to feed the man-power of the battling nations — were horses and mules which made increased food production possible.

Millions of men were drawn away from our farms to serve in armies and in factories producing war supplies; yet the average grain production for the five war years—1914 to 1919— was greater by far than the previous ten year average.

Abundant supplies of horses and mules on America's farm alone

made this possible. Men who had never driven more than two horses in farm work learned to use, and did use, six, eight and even twelve horses on farm implements.

Plows, discs and seeders were hitched together in gangs. Enough animals were hitched before them to furnish the necessary power and the work done per man per day was doubled and in many cases trebled.

The yield of every grain crop was increased despite the decrease of man power on the farm. We were told that food would win the war. Horses and mules made our increased food production possible. Statistical details to prove this are available from the Department of Agriculture, and need not be given here.

We are told the horse is vanishing; that his usefulness is at an



or participant the individual may taste their joys to the full. The tinkle of sleigh bells, the ring of skates, the clash of sticks in play, joyous shouts, cheery laughter, all are music to the lover of winter sports. One forgets depression while gliding along on skis, tramping on snowshoes through snow-decked woods, skating on smooth ice sheets or speeding with breath-taking swoops down the toboggan slides.

LOSELY linked with winter life in Canada is the enjoyment of a multiplicity of outdoor sports which can be adapted to one's inclination and capability; as a spectator

Steadiness and skill are tested on the curling rinks, excitement is rampant at the hockey games, and on Dog Derby day one naturally follows the crowd. In contrast, golf and other summer sports may be enjoyed during winter in areas along the Pacific coast.

The general inclination is to spend one's vacation when the days are long and warm. The National Parks of Canada of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, a government service which supplies information to intending visitors to that country, reports that there appears to be an ever-growing tendency to enjoy outdoor life during the winter season, and that a few days' relaxation when the weather is cold

and bracing is now considered conducive to the recreative health and well-being as is the summer vacation.

Weather has much to do with the enjoyment of summer but with those of winter most a negligible factor. winter sport enthusiast asks for plenty of snow and a thermometer which flirts with the zero mark. It is an agreeable surprise to discover on one's first experience of a Canadian winter that the temperature is not only bearable but pleasant, that extremely cold days are the exception, and that the clear crisp air and brilliant sunshine amid splendid natural scenery add exhilaration to healthful exercise.

end; that mechanical units have superseded him on farms and in cities.

The horse is vanishing only in the imagination of those who would profit by his elimination. Their propaganda has misled many into a false idea of the situation.

It is well to remember that there are more than 17,000,000 horses and mules actually at work each crop season on our farms, plantations and ranches, approximately two million more at work in cities, towns and villages, mines and lumber camps and in other non-agricultural work; and about half a million more actually in use under saddle principally in our range states. Over and above the nineteen and a half million actually engaged in work we have around four and a half million foals, yearlings and two year old, too young

to work, which represent our replacement and from one and one half to two million more? that are old enough to work but not in use. These are our reserves and are, for the most part, unbroken horses on the ranges of our twelve western states, although some are extra animals found on farms. Altogether we have between twenty-five and twenty-six million horses and mules in the United States, and the decrease from the high water mark, January 1st, 1920, of twenty-seven million head is unimportant. We have enough and to spare, so far as to total numbers are concerned, although we do not have enough of the best type for which demand has always exceeded supply.

For twenty-five years manufacturers of and dealers in tractors have made every effort to supersede horses and mules in farm

work. Millions of dollars have been spent to this end, yet after all these years of effort there are able to work on American farms to day. If we had to rely upon them, famine would overtake our nation.

In cities, as on farms, horses and mules, afford the most economical source of motive power. In short hauls and frequent stop work, no mechanical motive power unit can approach the horse in economy of operation.

It is in the pleasure field, however, that the horse comes closest to man's affections. The thrill that comes as horses flash past the wire at the end of a hard-fought race; the warmth that comes to a rider's heart when his horse responds to every demand that is made upon him;—these are the things that create in man an undying love for good horses. Und surpassed only by the line between is reason for this. Swift horses would live long but grow old. So long as he maintains his vigour and

virility, he radiates, unconsciously, the magnetism which appeals to women and commands respect from men. When virility is lost, senility begins.

There is no short cut to vigour of body, which alone can maintain virility.

Nature's laws are inexorable, and those who fail to maintain physical vigour, or who are guilty of excess which sap their strength, pay the penalty in loss of the mental and physical powers which make life worth living.

Riding appeals to all ages and children benefit from the patience, self-control and quick co-ordination it teaches. I have never forgotten the comments of a noted old stock breeder. More than 20 years ago I visited his farm and as we rode down across the pastures, then knee-deep in bluegrass, I turned to him and asked: "How does it happen that you, a cattle man, have such superb cattle horses?" He smiled and answered: "I have boys and girls growing into manhood and womanhood. In training spirited, well-bred saddle horses whose temper is like

that of a Damascus sword, to steadiness, fearlessness and instant obedience, they are schooling themselves in attributes which will be valuable in later life."

And it is true—all through life consideration and self control those who have learned patience, through riding good horses, have physical and mental advantages over those less fortunate.

Boys in their teens and youths in their twenties, find hunting, steeplechasing, and polo hard enough and dangerous enough to tempt the most hardy; and if they are fortunate to learn these games under proper tutelage, they learn that life may be summed up in the counsel of an early pioneer whose counsel to his sons was:

"Learn to ride hard. shoot straight, dance well and so live that you can, when necessary, look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell."

Men who really qualify for the inner shrine which swings open only to real horsemen pass these tests. Such men created our nation, have conversed and will maintain it.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW AT CAVALRY BARRACKS

(a) What the extra 5 pounds of tea were doing in the kitchen of the men's mess on New Years day.

(b) Who were they for?

The Trooper who fished out his 1933 New Years resolutions still intact.

The recruit who wanted to know what was meant by going on the tack.

The N.C.O. who claimed that "Pat Pending" was a great inventor.

When our 'Stick Carrier' is going to relate his adventures in stick carrying?

Who is the Salada Kid?

Pigeons prefer to nest in a quiet secluded spot, and this must be borne in mind when making provision for their nests which they will prepare for themselves, lining them with straw, hay, feathers, etc.



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